THE LONE WOLF

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

"How so-too far?"

mademoiselle?"

most run.

affirmed.

scent-at last?"

De Morbihan.

meaning of nerves.

"They've caught him, eh?"

"That-monsieur will pardon me-

"But," the American protested, "per-

haps you can tell us how they got on

"It was not difficult," said De Mor-

as I do. Yet, among friends-"

establishment non-existent.

his track?"

ARMERA

"The Lone Wolf?

-in certain quarters."

"Who is he, then?"

The American laughed a trace con-

"The Lone Wolf? Who is that?"

ing to guess where he'll strike next."

"But I assure you!" De Morbihan

protested. "The rogue has had a won-

"You don't know him in America,

At Troyon's, a Paris inn, the youth
Marcel Troyon's alterwards to be known
as Michael Lanyard, is caught steading
by Burke, an expert thief, who takes the
boy with him to America and makes of
him a finished crackeman. After stealing
the Ombor lewels and the Huysman war
plans to London Lanyard returns to
Troyon's for the first time in many years
because be thinks Roddy, a Scotland
Yard man, is on his trail. On arrival he
finds Roddy already installed as a guest.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

tent, to wit, to gain some clue, how- ate bystander. ever slender, to the mystery of that | The name of Comte Remy de Mor- ened on his knife and fork; otherwise desk of the cause; inquiries, so dis- in France, mising, elicited from the maitre d'hoministration had come fresh decora- one said "De Morbihan" instinctively these last few years. Nobody knows prettily. the old waiters remained.

faces," Lanyard quoted in vindictive melancholy-"damn 'em!" Happily it was demonstrated that the cuisine was being maintained on l its erstwhile plane of excellence-one

atill had that comfort! Other impressions, less intimate proved puzzling, disconcerting and paradoxically reassuring.

Lanyard commanded a fair view of The detective had ordered a meal that matched his aspect well, both of true British simplicity. He was a squareset man with a square jaw, cold blue eyes, a fat nose, a thin-lipped trap of

His dinner comprised a cut from aux Princes. the joint, boiled potatoes, brussels sprouts, a bit of cheese, a bottle of Bass. He are slowly, chewing with the doggedness of a strong character hampered by a weak digestion, and issue of the Paris edition of the London Daily Mail with an effect of concentration quite too convincing.

Now one doesn't read the Paris edition of the Landon Daily Mail with intense excitement. Humanly speaking. Comte Remy de Morbihan.

Lanyard wasn't slow to solve this riddle to his satisfaction-in so far. that is, as it was satisfactory to feel yet more certain that Roddy's quarry

was another than himself. Despite the lateness of the hour, be American. which had by now turned ten o'clock, the restaurant had still a dozen tables or so in the service of guests pleasantly engaged in lengthening out an agreeable evening with dessert, coffee, liqueurs and cigarettes. The majority of these were in couples, but at a table Yard turned his newspaper only dur-

American of position and wealth-a gar (with such evidence of enjoyment man of something more than sixty that Lanyard suspected him of the years, with an execrable accent, a racking cough, and a thin, patrician ing another bottle of Bass. cast of countenance clouded darkly by the expression of a soul in torment, furrowed, scamed, twisted-a mask of mortal anguish. And once, when he looked up and casually encountered Lanyard's gaze, the adventurer was shocked to find himself staring into eyes that were as the eyes of a dead man-eyes of a gray so light that at a little distance the color of the iris blended indistinguishably with their whites, leaving visible only the round. black points of pupils abnormally distended and staring, blank, fixed, pas-

sionless, beneath lashless lids. For the Instant they seemed to exof remote and impersonal curiosity; then they fell away, and when next appearance and distressing cough. the adventurer looked the man had turned to attend to some observation | vised cheerfully. "Lucia's accustomed of one of his companions with a to keeping late hours with me; and smile that fairly transfigured his face, whoever heard of a young and pretty the smile of a charming child.

On his right sat a girl who might of her first visit to Paris?" be his daughter, for not only was she. far too young to be the other's wife. though it were spelled "Luchia." A demure, old-fashioned type, well gowned, and with sufficient individu- fore mademoiselle loses interest in the ality of taste but not conspicuously; Rue de la Paix." a girl with soft, brown hair and soft. so when her face was in repose, but "See what we found there today." with a slow smile that made her scargely less than beautiful-in all. and passed it to De Morbihan. ard thought, the kind of woman kind, whose strongest instinct is the Frenchman:

sation, seldom interrupted what was thy even of you."

practically a duologue netween her pu | She flushed prettily as she nodded | tative father and the third member of smiling acknowledgment.

This last was one whom Lanyard sighed. "You fill us with envy-you provokingly, was sure he knew, though he could have the souls of poets and the wealth see no more than the back of M. le of princes!" Comte Remy de Morbihan.

amusement if it were possible that Roddy was on the trail of that tre- far, M. Bannon." mendous buck. If so, it would be a chase worth following-a diversion rendered the more exquisite to Lan- the Lone Wolf. They say he's on the until he gave himself away." However impulsively, he hadn't yard by the spice of novelty, since for prowl once more." sought Troyon's without definite in once he would figure as a dispassion-

wretched child, Marcel. But now it bihan, although unrecorded in the Al- he made no sign. A sidelong glance appeared he had prograstinated far manach de Gotha, was one to conjure into a mirror at his elbow showed a feat. He is cunning, that one!" tally-time and change had left little with in the Paris of his day and genother than the shell of the Troyon's eration. He claimed the distinction he remembered. Papa Troyon was of being at once the ugliest, one of of eager interest. gone; madame no longer occupied the the wealthiest and the most-liked man

creetly worded as to be uncompro- As to his looks, good or bad, they were said to prove infallibly fatal with tel the information that the house had women, while not a few men, perhaps been under new management these for that reason, did their possessor the the valetudinarian explained in dry sion remained unchanged as he sateighteen months; the old proprietor honor to imitate them. The revues and humorous accents, "is the sobri- with a corner of his eye reserved for was dead, and his widow had sold out burlesqued him; Sem caricatured quot fastened by some imaginative Roddy-speculating whether De Morlock, stock and barrel, and retired to him; Forain counterfeited him exten- French reporter upon a celebrated bihan were telling the truth or only the country, it was not known ex- sively in that inimitable series of Mon- criminal who seems to have made him- boasting for his own glorification. actly where. And with the new ad- day morning cartoons for Le Figaro | self something of a pest over here tions and furnishings and a complete at sight of that stocky figure, short anything definite about him, apparentchange of personnel-not even one of and broad, topped by a chubby, moon-ly, but he operates in a most individ-"All are gone, the old, familiar anish eyes, and never-failing grin. A creature of proverbial good na-

ture and exhaustless vitality, his ex- clamation. traordinary popularity was due to the equally extraordinary extravagance with which he supported that latest derfully successful career, thanks to Gallie fad, "le sport." The Parisian his dispensing with confederates and the tennis club, maintained not only a easy to convert into cash. Yet," he flock of automobiles but a famous rac-Roddy across the waist of the room. ing stable, rode to hounds, was a good afraid to predict that his race is all with a wife, a mistress, a child, or field gun, patronized aviation and motor-boat racing, risked as many maximums during the Monte Carlo season as the Grand Duke Michael himself, and was always ready to whet a mouth, a face as red as rare beef- rapiers or burn a little harmless powder of an early morning in the Parc

But there were some ugly whispers in circulation about the sources of his fabulous wealth. Lanyard, for one, wouldn't have thought him the properest company or the best Parisian ciceall the while kept his eyes fixed to an rone for an ailing American gentleman bleased with independent means and an attractive daughter.

Paris, on the other hand-Paris who forgives everything to him who contributes to her amusement-adored

But perhaps Lanyard was preju-Where then was the object of this diced by his partiality for Americans, ent the outgrowth of those several years he had spent with Bourks in New York. He even fancled that between his spirit and theirs existed some subtle bond of sympathy. For all he knew, he might himself

CHAPTER III.

A Point of Interrogation.

For some time Lanyard strained to catch something of the conversation that seemed to prove so interestone removed from Roddy's sat a party ing to Roddy, but without success, of three; and Lanyard noticed, or thanks to the hum of voices that filled fancied, that the man from Scotland the room. In time, however, the gathering began to thin out, until at length ing lulis in the conversation in this there remained only this party of three, Lanyard enjoying a most de-Of the three, one would pass for an lectable salad and Roddy puffing a cisin of smuggling) and slowly empty-

Under these conditions the talk between De Morbihan and the Americans became public property. The first remark overheard by Lan-

yard came from the elderly American, following a pause and a consultation

"Quarter to eleven," he announced "Plenty of time," said De Morbihan cheerfully. "That is," he amended, "if mademoiselle isn't bored."

The girl's reply, something which was accompanied by a pretty inclination of her head toward the Frenchman, was lost in the other's accents. plore Lanyard's very soul with a look He had a strong and sonorous voice, in strange contrast with his ravaged

> "Don't let that hurry you," he adwoman being bored on the third day

He pronounced the name with the too, obviously American, but she was soft "c" of the Italian tongue, as "To be sure," laughed the Frenchpoised but unassuming, fetchingly man; "one suspects it will be long be-

"You may well, when such beautiful brown eyes; pretty, not extravagantly things come from it," said the girl.

She slipped a ring from her hand There followed slience for an inis predestined to comfort man- stant, then an exciamation from the with this gentleman, the Lone Wolf.

"But it is superb! Accept, made-She took little part in the conver- moiselle, my compliments. It is wor-

the idea which led us to the light." men he advertised in the newspapers. When the church wants 1,000,000 strong men to aid its cause it rings a

tone of depreciation is becoming, for

it was my part to suggest the solu-

Who is That?"

bell for five minutes on Sunday. "Luke, with his vivid phrases, wrote the greatest report in the world-the story of Christ," said Mr. Williams. "John proved himself the best editor. sertising, John proved himself a great said Mr. Williams. "Whenever a for he freely used the blue pencil, stateditor and there is no better reporter church has kept the good news of the ing, 'If I wished, I could fill many

"You won't tell un?" the girl protested, with a little moue of disap-"Ah, you Americans!" De Morbihan pointment as the Frenchman paused

> "Perhaps I should not. And yetwhy not? As I say, it was elementary "But we must come to Paris to find reasoning-a mere matter of logical And he wondered with a thrill of beautiful things for our womenfolk!" deduction and elimination. One made "Take care, though, lest you go too up one's mind the Lone Wolf must be a certain type of man; the rest was simply sifting France for the man to "You might attract the attention of fit the theory and then watching him

> > "You're not going to stop there?" the American demanded in an aggrieved tone.

temptuously. Lanyard's fingers tight-"No? I must continue? Very well; I confess to some little pride. It was Roddy still absorbed in the Daily Mail. De Morbihan paused and shifted The girl bent forward with a look sidewise in his chair, grinning like a

mischievous child. By this maneuver, thanks to the arrangement of mirrors lining the walls, he commanded an indirect view of Lanyard, a fact of which the latter "The Lone Wolf, my dear Lucia," was not unaware, though his expres-

> "I can deny you nothing, mademoiselle. Well, then! From what little

"Do go on-please!" the girl begged

like mask with waxed mustache, wom | nai way and keeps the police busy try- | was known of this mysterious creature, one readily inferred he must be The girl breathed an incredulous ex- a bachelor, with no close friends. That is clear, I trust?" "Too deep for me, my friend," the

elderly man confessed.

"Impenetrable reticence," the count expounded - and enjoying himself Rugby team was his pampered pro- confining his depredations to jewels hugely-"isn't possible in the human ege; he was an active member of and similar valuables-portable and relations. Sooner or later one is doomed to share one's secrets, howadded, nodding sagely, "one is not ever reluctantly, even unconsciously, with some trusted friend. And a se-"You don't tell me!" the older man cret between two is-a prolific breeder exclaimed. "Have they picked up the of platitudes! Granted this line of reasoning, the Lone Wolf is of neces-"The man is known," De Morbihan sity not only unmarried, but practically friendless. Other attributes of By now the conversation had caught his will obviously comprise youth, the interest of several loltering waiters, who were listening open-mouth. der of intelligence, and a social position-let us say, rather, an ostensible and even Roddy seemed a bit startled, and for once forgot to make business-enabling him to travel at business with his newspaper, but his will hither and you without exciting comment. So far, good!

wondering stare was exclusively for "My friend, the chief of the surete forthwith commissioned his agents to Lanyard put down knife and fork, seek such a one, and by this means swallowed a final mouthful of Haut several fine fish were enmeshed in the Brion, and lighted a cigarette with the net of suspicion, carefully scrutinized, hand of a man who knew not the and one by one let go-all except one. the veritable man. Him they sedulous-"Garcon!" he called quietly, and orly watched, shadowing him across Eudered coffee and cigars, with a liqueur rope and back again. He was in Berin at the time of the famous Rhein "Known!" the American exclaimed. "I didn't say that," De Morbinan laughed; "but the mystery is no more clever ruse and managed to dispose surete could lay hands on him; re-I'm not yet free to state. Indeed, I may be indiscreet in saying as much there he made love to and ran away His shrug suggested that, as far as of some eminence. You have heard he was concerned, waiters were not of Mme. Omber, ch?"

human and the other guests of the Now by Roddy's expression it was plain that, if Mme. Omber's name wasn't strange in his hearing, at least he found this news about her most surprising. He was staring openly, with a slackened jaw and stupefaction bihan; "indeed, quite simple. This in his blank, blue eyes.

Lanyard gently pinched the small end of a cigar, dipped it into his demi tasse, and lighted it with not so much as a suspicion of tremor. His brain, patient melancholy. however, was working rapidly in the effort to determine whether De Mor-Omber affair must have thrilled many a continental telegraph wire.

"Mme. Omber-of course!" American agreed thoughtfully. "Everyone has heard of her wonderful diamonds. The real marvel is that the Lone Wolf neglected so shining a mark as long as he did."

"But truly so, monsieur!" "And they caught him at it, eh?"

"Not precisely; but he left a clueand London as well-with such haste as would seem to indicate he knew his cunning hand had for once slipped." "Then they'll nab him soon?"

has laid his plans-his web is spun, and so artfully that I think our unsociable outlaw will soon be making friends in the prison of the Sante. But now we must adjourn. One is sorry. It has been so very pleasant."

surete. He had been annoyed and dissigning because of his inability to cope party rose.

Lanyard noticed that the American And since he is my friend, I, too, was distressed on his behalf, and badgered with cash, indicating that he resided Morbihan grin of quenchless effronat Troyon's as well as dined there, tery: my poor wits until they chanced upon And the adventurer found time to re-

to seek that particular establishment hostelries of the Rive Droite-before time espying Lanyard, plunged across the room with both hands outstretched with you. and a cry of joyous surprise not really turned formally. justified by their rather slight ac-

quaintanceship. "Ah! Ah!" he clamored vivacious-"It is M. Lanyard, who knows all about paintings! But this is delightful-a grand pleasure! You must know my friends. But come!" And seizing Lanyard's hands, when

that one somewhat reluctantly rose in response to this surprisingly overexu berant greeting, he dragged him willynilly from behind his table. "And you are American, too. Cer gain!

tainly you must know one another. Mile. Bannon-with your permissionmy friend, M. Lanyard. And M. Bannon-an old, dear friend, with whom you will share a passion for the beauties of art."

The hand of the American, when Lanyard clasped it, was cold, as cold as ice; and as their eyes met that Lanyard summoned the maitre d'hotel abominable cough laid hold of the and asked for a room man, as it were by the nape of his neck, and shook him viciously. infuriated.

"M. Bannon," De Morbihan explained disconnectedly-"It is most



distressing-I tell him he should not

stop in Paris at this season." "It is nothing!" the American inter posed brusquely between paroxysms. "But our winter climate, monsieur-

t is not fit for those in the prime of "It is I who am unfit!" Bannon snapped, pressing a handkerchief to hia lips-"unfit to live!" he amended

renomously. Lanyard murmured a conventional expression of sympathy. Through it hart robbery, though he compassed all he was conscious of the regard of that coup without detection; he was the girl. Her soft, brown eyes met in Vienna when the British embassy his candidly, with a look cool in its there was looted, but escaped by a composure, straightforward in its in quiry, neither bold nor mock-demure of his plunder before the agents of the And if they were the first to fall, it was with an effect of curiosity sated cently he has been in London, and without trace of discomfiture. And somehow the adventurer felt himself with the diamonds of a certain lady measured, classified, filed away.

Between amusement and pique be continued to stare, while the elderly American recovered his breath and De Merbihan jabbered on with unfailing vivacity; and he thought that this closer scrutiny discovered in her face contours suggesting maturity of thought beyond her apparent yearswhich were somewhat less than the sum of his own-and with this the suggestion of an elusive, provoking quality of wistful languor, a hint of

"We are off for a glimpse of Montmartre," De Morbihan was explainbihan meant this for a warning or was eng-M. Bannon and I. He has not simply narrating an amusing yarn seen Paris in twenty years, he tells founded on advance information and me. Well, it will be amusing to show amplified by an ingenious imagina- him what changes have taken place tion. For by now the news of the in all that time. One regrets mademoiselle is too fattgued to accompany us. But you, my friend-now if you the would consent to make our third, it would be most amiable of you."

"I'm sorry," Lanyard excused himself; "but, as you see, I am only just in from the raffroad, a long and tiresome journey. You are very good, but

"Good?" De Morbihan exclaimed with violence. "I? On the contrary, I am a very selfish man; I seek but ing and mistrustful. to afford myself the pleasure of your company. You lead such a busy life, my friend, romping about Europe, "Ah, monsieur, one must say no here one day, God knows where the more!" De Morbihan protested. "Rest | next, that one must make one's best of assured that the chief of the surete your spare moments. You will join us, surely?"

time, perhaps, if you will excuse me." "But it is always the way!" De Morbihan explained to his friends with a vast show of mock indignation. "'An-A waiter conjured the bill from other time, perhaps'-his invariable some recess of his waistcoat and response! I tell you, not two men in served it on a clean plate to the Amer- all Paris have any real acquaintance tion to my friend, the chief of the lcan. Another ran bawling for the with this gentleman whom all Paris an opera hat, and went out, noisily cloakroom attendant. Roddy glued knows! His reserve is proverbial- locking the door. He might as well tressed, and was even talking of re- his gaze afresh to the Daily Mail. The 'as distant as Lanyard,' we say on the boulevards!

And turning again to the adventursigned the bill instead of settling it er, meeting his cold stare with the De

"As you will, my friend!" he grant

GET BEST MILK IN WINTER cate, on the contrary, that under cur

rent conditions the milk obtained in summer is, if anything, somewhat inferior in quality to that obtained in the winter when the cows are shut up

At a temperature of 50 degrees the

widespread popular belief. They indi- if packed in ice.

**But should you change you mind-well, you'll have no trouble in preference to the palatial modern finding us. Ask any place along the conventional route. We see far to-De Morbihan, ostensibly for the first little of each other, monsieur-and am most anxious to have a little cha-

"It will be an honor." Lanyard re

In his heart he was pondering sev eral most excruciating methods of murdering the man. What did be mean? How much did he know? If he knew anything, he must mean ill, for assuredly he could not be ignorant of Roddy's business or that every other word he uttered was riveting suspicion of identity with the Lone Wolf or that Roddy was listening with all his ears and staring into the bar

Decidedly something must be done to silence this animal. De Morbihan, should it turn out he really did know

It was only after profound reflec tion over his liqueur-while Roddy dovoured his Daily Mail and washed it down with a third bottle of Bass-that

It would never do to fix the doubts of the detective by going elsewhere Before it had finished with him his that night. But, fortunately, Lanyard sensitively colored face was purple knew that warren which was Troyon's and he was gasping, breathless-and as no one else knew it; Roddy would find it hard to detain him should events seem to advise an early de-

CHAPTER IV.

A Stratagem. When the maitre d'hotel had shown

him all over the establishment-timecently enough, en route, furnishing him with a complete list of his other guests and their rooms, memoranda readily registered by a retentive memory-Lanyard chose the bedchamber next that occupied by Roddy, in the econd story.

The consideration influencing this selection was, of course, that so situ- every man, woman and child in the ated he would be in a position not only city, and has gone shead of big manto keep an eye on the man from Scotland Yard, but also to determine runs a close second to Detroit. It whether or not Roddy were disposed to keep an eve on him.

ascribed to the Lone Wolf so long as with the ten biggest cities in North he had without gaining a power of America in amount of bank clearings. sturdy self-confidence in addition to But because the war helped Canada a certain degree of temperate contempt for the spies of the law and all their ways. Reviewing the scene in the restau-

ranted in assuming not only that Rod- hard times dy was interested in De Morbihan, but that the Frenchman was well aware known reputation for conservatism in of that interest. And he resented sin- economic matters says: cerely his inability to feel as confident that the count, with his gossin about the Lone Wolf, had been merely seeking to divert Roddy's interest to puidn't believe it had.

long. The business of a sleuth is to Provinces would amount to 250,800,000 sleuth, and sooner or later Roddy bushels. On November 10 that estiist surely make some move to indicate the quarter wherein his real in- bushels. The Dominion government terest lay.

that communicated with the adjoining changed to 304,200,000 bushels. bedchamber, the business of a sleuth Monetary Returns for the Western seemed to comprise going to bed.

Lanyard, shaving and dressing, could tentedly humming "Sally in Our Al- yet been wholly appreciated. Up to heavy thump, and then another, and west bal received some 170 million then by a heartfelt sigh of relief-as dollars for 182 million bushels of its Roddy kicked off his boots-and fol- grain crop, of which 149 million bushlowed by the tapping of a pipe against als was wheat. The average price of grate-bars, the complaint of a window No. 1 Northern wheat for September being lowered for ventilation, the click was 93% cents; for October 98% of an electric-light switch, and the cents, and for the first three weeks of creaking of bed springs.

Finally, and before Lanyard had finshed dressing, the man from Scotland | bushels of wheat to be marketed. This Yard began placidly to snore

or Lanvard had taken pains to let Provinces. Roddy know that they were room neighbors by announcing his selection in loud tones close to the communicat. In Canada; grain crops are exception-

adventurer meant to have answered aid in circulating much money. Credit before he went out.

when the mirror on the dressing table liberally."-Advertisement, assured him that he was at length in the habit and apparel of a gentleman of elegant nocturnal leisure. But if he approved the figure he cut, it was mainly because clothes interested him and he reckened his own impeccable. Of their tenant he was feeling just then a bit less sure than he had half an hour since; his regard was lower-

He was, in short, suffering reaction from the high spirits engendered by his cross-channel exploits, his successful getaway, and the unusual circumstances attendant upon his return to this memory-haunted mausoleum of an unhappy childhood. He even shivered "Really I cannot tonight. Another a trifle, as if under premonition of mis-

fortune. room's calculated disorder to incrimiabsence. Lanyard enveloped himself little stomach, liver and bowels within a long, full-skirted coat, clapped on out griping. have left it wide; but it would do no the tongue, mother! If coated, give a bedchamber keys at Troyon's were interchangeable-identically the same foul, constipated waste, sour bile and keys, in fact, that had been in service in the time of Marcel the wretched.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Figures Quickly Gathered. In the last census the enumeration of the population in cities and towns always be the first treatment given. lasted 15 days. In the rural districts the population and agricultural enumerations combined were completed in about thirty days.

Wherein the Difficulty. "Yes, sir, one hour's uninterrupted reading each evening would make you-"Uninterrupted? Where do nings?"-New York Times.

WONDERFUL PROGRESS IN CANADA

It Is Over the Hill-Splendid Bank Clearings, and the Crop Rei...ns Reveal Vast Possibilities for the Future.

"There are opportunities for investment in Canada now that may prove attractive to American capital. Land prices in the west are low and wages less than on this side of the line, and whatever the outcome of the war, the future of the Dominion is assured as one of prosperity in the development

of its vast resources" Chicago Tribune. A short time ago the Canadian goverument asked for private subscriptions to a loan of fifty million dollars. Less than a month was given for completion of the subscription. On November 30th, the day upon which subscriptions were to cease, it was found that 110 million of dollars had been subscribed o 60 million dollars more than the am, int asked. If there were any so pessimistic as to imagine that Canada was passing through a period of hard times the wonderful showing of this subscription should put aside all doubts of Canada's rapidly increasing prosperity.

The ban, clearings of Winnipeg for 1915 were a bill on and a half of dollars. Think of it. Then, in addition, there were the bank clearings of the other cities throughout Western Canada. Regina, Saskatoon and Moose Jaw also show big increase in clearings. The Winnipeg statistics show that the city has done the biggest financia! commercial and industrial business in its history in 1915. A billion an a half are big clearings, representing business on a per cap-Ita basis of over \$7,000 per head for ufacturing cities like Buffalo, and has shown blager bank clearings than the middle west cities of Minneapolis In those days Lanyard's faith in and Duluth, and has exceeded Los himself was a beautiful thing He Angeles, Seattle and other noted shipcould not have enjoyed the immunity ping centers. It is now side by side recover quickly from a natural economic depression it does not follow that, at the end of the war, the country must suffer a relapse, and straightrant, Lanyard felt measurably war- way return to a state of inactivity and

A Winnipeg paper, with a well-

Canada's undeveloped fields should prove a mighty factor after the war in adjusting the country's business from one period to another. The staggering tatively larger game. It was just pos- figures of this year's crop, showing insible that De Morbihan's identification | creases in production of 50 per cent of Lanyard with that mysterious per- over last year, give a slight idea of the onage, at least by innuendo, had been future wealth stored in vast stretches mintentional. But somehow Lanyard of prairie plain yet untouched by the plow. The Northwest Grain-Dealers' As-However, one would surely learn sociation on September 1 estimated omething illuminating before very that the wheat crop of the three Prairie on September 13 estimated the West-Just at present, reasoning from ern wheat crop at 275,772,200 bushels, olses audible through the bolted door but on October 15 those figures were

And the amount of money which the distinctly hear a tuneless voice con- west is receiving for its grain has not ley," a rendition punctuated by one the 10th of December the Canadian November \$1.03%. On the 10th of December there was fully 120 million would leave about 30 million bushels Of course, he might well be bluffing. for local consumption in the Prairie

Bradstreet says: "Confidence seems to have returned ally large, prices pay the farmer, and But this was a question which the the war-order lines provide work and is more freely granted, and interior It was hard upon twelve o'clock merchants are disposed to buy rather

> Bing. She-How I wish I were a man! It-do you, weally. She-Yes: don't you?

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving With one last look round to make her children "California Syrun of certain there was nothing in his Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste nate him were it to be searched in his and it thoroughly cleanses the tender

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath it bad, stomach sour, look at harm to pretend he didn't know the teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic-remem ber, a good "inside cleaning" should

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50cent bottle of "California Syrup of Fire " which has directions for bables. children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

Practical Christianity is the kind a man has who doesn't allow it to interfere with his business.

JOURNALISTS OF THE BIBLE

Savior Master of Art of Publicity, Is St. Louis, says a St. Louis (Mo.) disthe Assertion Made by Dean of University.

of the University of Missouri, who ad- quered. Gressed a Sunday school convention in "When Kitchener wanted 1,000,000 white lights."

patch to the New York Herald. "Even Christ's last words were not

Christ was a master of the art of ad. for silence, but for Christian publicity," than Luke, according to Walter Wil. gospel to itself it has died. When it volumes." name, dean of the school of journalism has given this news out it has con-

"Even the devil advertises," said Mr. Williams, "his specialty being board of health fail to bear out this Milk will not sour for several days you think my wife spends her eve-

Recent Investigations Serve to Show

That Former Popular Impressions

Have Been Wrong.

It has always been believed that milk, butter and other dairy products conducted by the Massachusetts state is why milk should be kept cold

in stables.

bacteria in milk will increase in fifty are at their best in the spring and hours from three to thirty times the summer, when the cows have the best initial number, while at 70 degrees pastures. But recent investigations they will multiply 40,000 times. This